# Unknown

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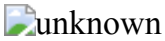
# Unknown

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will likes his new friend Bev, even if she bullies him into going on a blind date.



The first time Will met Bev had not exactly been good.

Pulled, startlingly, from the recreation of Elise Nicholl's death, it hadn't made a good impression despite her flattery.

Bev Katz, in her own blustering way, was also strangely awkward and they shared a dark sense of humour. So despite their first meeting, it took only a few days on the Nicholls case for them to become fast friends.

She definitely got him. That comment about the "clacking swinging ball thing" made from the ten bullets it took him to take down Hobbs sealed the deal on their emerging buddy cop friendship.

When she had caught up with him later that day as they both headed back to Quantico from the mushroom burial site, he had to reconsider for a moment. Not just because her questions became more personal than he was comfortable with, but that the line of questioning about whether he was single and what his type was, made him wonder if he'd given her the wrong impression.

It was only a slight blow to his ego when he stuttered the response that he was gay, and she'd laughed in his face at the apparently preposterous idea that she might be interested in him. After her slightly humiliating laughter subsided, she explained that she had clocked that immediately and that her friend Alana was trying to find a blind date for another friend. A man. A man who apparently needed to be reminded there was more to life than work and Bev thought that was something they might have in common.

He'd resisted at first, with absolutely zero interest in a blind date. Or a date of any kind. But after several hours of her pestering, including blowing up his phone with messages and emails, he reluctantly agreed.

Will just wished he'd been smart enough to connect the dots and see the bigger picture.

Because if he had realised that by Alana, Bev meant Alana Bloom, then he might also have figured that her male friend who worked too much would be someone from their shared professional circle.

He therefore might not have choked on the gulp of whiskey he had just taken, when he saw Doctor Hannibal Lecter enter the dimly lit bar at the exact time his date was meant to arrive.

*

"Good evening, Will."

He had watched Hannibal notice him and then hesitate, look around the bar to see if anyone else was sitting alone - they were not - and finally head his way.

“Doctor Lecter,” Will greeted in return, trying and failing not to sound gruff. Not that this insanity was his fault.

“From the lack of other options, I am going to assume that you are indeed my date for the evening.”

There was some amusement in Lecter’s voice that Will couldn’t quite get a full read on, and so immediately found heat rising on his cheeks. Unsure whether to be flattered or humiliated.

“Looks like,” Will replied gruffly.

They remained in silence for a moment, Will seated at the bar and Hannibal standing just beside him, coat over his arm.

“Do you mind?” Lecter indicated the stool next to Will, at which Will shrugged.

As Lecter sat down, placing his folded coat over the stool the other side of him, Will shuffled a little, trying to make more space between them. Finally, he looked back at his drink, eyes completely fixed on it.

“Can I take it from your less than welcoming response that you’re not as pleased to see me as I am to see you?” Lecter asked, amusement still in his tone, but a little self depreciation too.

At that Will did look at him, and the smile was sincere.

Will let out and long sigh.

“Yes. I mean, no. No… I’m not… it’s not a problem. I'm surprised to see you.” Will winced at his own words and tried again. “I’m not good at this, I think you probably know that. This wasn’t going to go well no matter who showed up.”

“Really? And why do you feel that way, Will?” Lecter asked gently.

Will reared back a little on his chair, correcting his posture from the slow slump he had been in, and shook his head.

“Oh no, doctor Lecter. I don’t know what this is,” he wiggled his finger between them to indicate the situation they currently found themselves in. “But it definitely isn’t therapy.”

Lecter let out a low chuckle, “force of habit.”

“Hmm,” Will rumbled as he narrowed his eyes.

They both lapsed into silence again and Will finished his whiskey, setting his glass down with a slight thud.

“So, do we call it an evening now then? We’re both busy men, no need to waste each other’s time.” Will’s suggestion seemed the only logical one, because there was no way anything was going to happen here.

A thought that actually caused a strange feeling in his belly, not quite butterflies.

A master of his expression, Will knew, Hannibal made a show of his raised brow.

“Is that what you want, Will? Go our separate ways and speak no more of it?” There was almost a tease to Hannibal’s words. “Tell me, what would you have done if the blind date had been someone else? What did you want from this evening?”

“I wanted to get Bev Katz off my back,” Will chuckled, those not quite butterflies moving to his chest.

“How about in an ideal world, had I been someone else?” Hannibal pushed, “what are you looking for?”

Will let out a long-suffering sigh. “Back to therapy, doctor?” Will deflected.

“Not at all, I’m intrigued as a friend.”

“Are we friends?” Will countered, remembering their breakfast together, how Hannibal had claimed that Will would start to find him interesting.

When Hannibal simply smiled and didn’t reply, Will cleared his throat.

“Honestly?” Will asked.

“I’d hope for nothing less,” Hannibal confirmed.

Will cleared his throat again and shifted in his chair before signalling to the server for a refill on his whiskey. He didn’t miss the glint in Hannibal’s eyes as he noted this intention to stay a little longer.

“Best case scenario, we might sleep together.” Will felt the heat rise on his cheeks at the admission.

There was another moment of silence, one in which it was clear that Hannibal wanted him to expand before the doctor finally said-

“Is that all? Sex only?”

“Sounds so crass when you put it like that.” Will objected even as Hannibal shook his head.

“A desire for sex is perfectly healthy, as long as both parties are consenting. And as long as both parties understand where the boundaries are.”

“I’d make that clear,” Will felt defensive again. “I don’t want more, doctor. I’m sure you of all people can understand. Relationships aren’t easy for me, and are rarely enjoyable. I already have enough people in my head, and I do a job that I don’t want to expose others to.”

“A one night stand then, if the other is willing. Which they might not be if they had hoped this to truly be a date. The first of many.”

Will grumbled, annoyed. He swallowed down the last of his second drink and set it down, starting to get up from the stool.

“Like I said, I only came to get Bev off my back, and I’d have been upfront about that before anything further happened. I don’t appreciate being judged-”

“I’m not judging you, Will.” Hannibal objected, rising from his own stool. “I was simply wondering about your boundaries. And given that I now understand this situation fully, I suppose I should ask - your place or mine?”

*

Will should have laughed it off and said no.

He should have gone home - alone. He should have taken it as a joke and told Lecter he’d see him in their next session.

But then he’d seen the hunger in Hannibal’s eyes. Unmistakable desire that was both flattering and frightening.

“Are you sure?” Will had asked before they even left the bar, to which Hannibal had replied softly but determinedly, “very much.”

It was too late now.

Now that he eased himself slowly inside Hannibal’s body, a deep moan coming from both of them.

They’d taken Hannibal’s car to Hannibal’s house in near silence.

When they’d pulled into the driveway, Hannibal had asked Will if he was still sure he wanted to do this, to which Will had replied. “It’s just sex, as long as you’re clear with that.”

When Hannibal had nodded they had made their way into the house.

Will hadn’t been sure what to expect. Whether Hannibal would offer him a drink, whether there would be any polite conversation, or maybe even an awkward one.

But, no. Hannibal had immediately pressed him to the closed door and kissed him breathless. They were hungry as they pulled at each other’s clothes as Hannibal led the way to his bedroom.

Will could barely take in the grandiose interior of the town house as it all flashed around him. Desperation took over until they were both naked and Hannibal was pulling Will down on top of him on the bed.

There had been quick fumbling, sweaty naked flesh pressed against flesh. Drawers opening and closing beside them and then Will felt Hannibal’s slick fingers moved between them, down their bodies. He had tensed, wondering where they might go, and then let out a groan as Hannibal had begun to slick his own hole.

It had been quick, though Will couldn't say exactly how long, the time it had taken from Hannibal's fingers breaching until Will's sheathed cock did the same.

"Hannibal," Will groaned, as the doctor's limbs encircled him and held him close.

"Deeper, Will. More."

Will rested his forehead against Hannibal's for a moment, catching his breath and revelling in the tightness around him before he finally moved. They both groaned again and Hannibal shook beneath him. It was intense.

More intense that it should be or ever had been. No one night stand had felt like this before and Will couldn't account for it.

*I don't find you that interesting…*

*You will…*

Their bodies rocked together and it felt good. More than good. There was an intimacy to it that Will never usually missed but always knew was lacking. Except for now, as he gently moved his hips, grinding in and out of Hannibal's welcoming warmth.

Hannibal said nothing more, but his gasps and moans were more expressive than Will had been expecting from a man who schooled his emotions so keenly. The ways his fingers clutched at Will's arms and back made Will's cock throb all the more.

There was something so arousing about this need, a break in stoicism. And Will felt it too now that he was inside Hannibal. A desperate need.

"Fuck, Hannibal." Will groaned. Hannibal's legs were around his hips but even so he took hold of one of them and hiked it higher, pushing it up so that Hannibal opened to him all the more.

Hannibal grunted as Will moved deeper and harder. The rocking of their bodies quickening, the lack of creaking of the bedframe a testament to the quality of its manufacture. Will moved quicker and harder, grunting as each thrust forced a puff of air for Hannibal's mouth. Each becoming a moan or a whimper.

It was addictive, breaking down these forts. Though Will assumed they would be back in place once they were spent. His own as well as Hannibal's. But for now it was an intoxicating journey into the unknown.

"I'm close," Will muttered, pressing his lips to the side of Hannibal's neck, tasting the saltiness of his skin.

"Mmm," it was somewhere between a moan and a grunt. Hannibal clenched, his whole body drawing tighter around Will and the muscles within him constricting until Will could barely move.

“Fuck,” he muttered again as he pushed deep into Hannibal, finding it harder to do so each time he drew back until finally the friction was so great that Will’s whole body felt like a live wire.

“Will,” his name came out like a gasp as Will buried himself deep and groaned against Hannibal’s throat. His body shuddered as he came, Hannibal tightening around him once more, holding him close. It was only once Will started to come down from his own climax that he realised Hannibal had come in between them, sticky and hot between their bellies.

*

They had fallen asleep.

Will wasn’t exactly sure of the time when he woke, only that the dull light outside indicated early morning.

He clenched his jaw, tense. He never did this. Never stayed over.

He turned slowly, trying to gauge whether Hannibal was likely to wake if he got up and grabbed his clothes. He could let himself out and pretend this never happened. But when he looked over he found that Hannibal wasn’t there, and was surprised at the twinge of disappointment that came with that.

Perhaps in the bathroom?

Will slipped quietly from the bed, as naked as he had been the night before. The condom disposed of and Hannibal’s come cleaned up, though he only had a vague memory of that all happening.

Will tread softly as he picked up his clothes in the bedroom and continued out into the hallway to find the rest of them. He had all but his shoes once he got down the stairs, and took a moment to dress.

He was looking for his shoes when he heard a noise from the direction of what had to be the kitchen. The sound of a pan on a hob and then sizzling. A moment later he could smell bacon.

“Will?” Hannibal called out. Will winced and then started towards the direction of the voice and the sizzling bacon. Too late to escape now.

With each step Will felt less trepidation. With each step towards and sounds and smells of breakfast, he was reminded of when Hannibal had brought breakfast to his motel.

He had enjoyed it. More than he would admit at the time, even to himself.

They had quickly fallen into a comfortable banter, but more than that. For the first time in his life, Will had felt like he was talking to someone who could keep up with him. Before that day had ended in tragedy, Will had found himself enjoying having Hannibal along for the ride. He’d enjoyed Hannibal’s enthusiasm to know more about Will’s work, and that was strange for Will.

In the past, he had kept his short lived relationships away from his work. Even when he was a cop, he hadn't wanted to bring that home, he actively avoided talking about it. And that was often and inevitably cited as one of the reasons the relationship then didn't work - closed off, shut down. Emotionally unavailable.

But Hannibal was already there. One foot already in that world and it wasn't Will's place to push him back out of it. When Hannibal had stepped in and saved Abigail Hobbs something had bound them together.

And Will hadn't even realised the extent of that until the evening before, until Hannibal had invited him home. Invited him in.

Maybe this was something. Maybe this could be something, could go somewhere. It could be *something*. Will walked into the kitchen. Into the unknown.

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